

Sarah Brightman % Sir John Gielgud

"Who Run It"

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DJ Paul: Who run it (15x)

Chorus: DJ Paul (4x)

These bitches ain't runnin'(runnin'), shit but y'all mouth
Cause the first hater step, the first hater get tossed out

[DJ Paul]

These niggaz got plenty ammo, but they ain't got
plenty guns

I'm bustin' out of these cars, got the hoes on the run

I'm hearin' plenty of words, but ain't no actions to boot

We can do some straight war for war, we can do some
stickin' and movin'

We can meet in the middle of these streets or in the
middle of this rain

I can pop your chest, blast the glock, or pop your jaw
diamond ring

Bitch don't hate me hate the bank, or snatch the G's
that I take

Or hate my shiny wristband, and big ass rims I rotate

See people flip when I'm comin', got some of 'em sick
at the stomach

They wonder what I brought in, they wonder what I got
comin'

Niggaz I'm comin' like this, off in your mouth like a
bitch

Test me when you think I'm in, I'm bringing water, I'll
start it

[Juicy J]

What's this

It's that player that you love to hate, always see come
out the bank

Always have to mention my name, when you high on
that drank

Catch you with this boy you can't, cause you know I'm
holdin' rank

When you see the platinum Rolex with the ice it make
you faint

Through the streets now have you heard, out the Mafia
droppin' birds

Runnin' from the nazi cops, tossin' out the bags of herb
Ain't afraid to pop the steel, hollow tips to make you
feel
If you wanna punk me out, pop these niggaz in they
grill

Chorus: DJ Paul (2x)

Crunchy Black:

I can't take any more, I'm bout to explode
I'm bout to overload, I'm bout to kill boy
All I wanna know is where the G's at, where the Ki's at
Keep it easy, you don't want to get speedy
All on this motherfuckin room, nigga boom
Get on your back so we can get up soon
Stab you in your heart with a har-fuckin-poon
Nigga boom, nigga boom

[Lord Infamous]

Scarecrow's on it, I'm still hungry, stoppin' for a
platinum supper
Wipe it easy, some black founded, crooked ass set'll
be eating rubber
Casue if they skit-skat, gun 'em all down, even ghost
towns
Splish-Splash, brains on the ground, with a cannon
round
Ball bat, bash him in his back, beatin' bitches down
Battle like blaze from the cross, that he never found
Catch a close encounter from the anarchism of these
A-bombs
Chemical reaction cause the venom shot in to his arm

Chorus: DJ Paul (3x)

[Gangsta Boo]

Here we go, all you weak ass hoes
In my face like you my friend
Triple Six dropped in again, time to make ends
Dope game , my game, hoes lame, it's a shame
How that Gangsta Boo is runnin' the click up on you
bitches man
Fat cat, what I be, packin' how you love that
Fuck a platinum plaque, gimme money, where the
dollars at
(Blap, blap) We dare them to stack it for 10 G's
(Where you from?) Black haven is where I be on my P's

[Koopsta Knicca]

Parents beware, watch out for your children
This the one that'll lock 'em in the basement

Some of them talkin' so rugged, some corrupted ugly
pusa-pussa
Cause the fuckin' all my niggaz, Koopsta tryin' to tell ya
somethin'
Peter-Peter, pussy eater, one of them fucked by
Koopsta Knicca
Lord, I done some sins, cause she married, but I don't
know that nigga
Figured he is a killa, so he figures he'll watch us fuckin'
Put them muthafuckin' slugs upside that thug, cuz, oh
my

Chorus: DJ Paul (til fade)

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